

We answer many questions when we say that the democratic committee for the 8th district fixed Saturday, Sept. 8th for a primary election to nominate a candidate for Congress. The voting is to be viva voce and "all good democrats who have generally voted the democratic ticket are legal voters and all young men who will be qualified voters at the November election and declare an intention to act with the democratic party are qualified voters at this election." The chairman of the county committee is directed to cause a poll to be opened in each precinct of his county on the day fixed, between the hours of 7 A. M. and 7 P. M., and three judges, representatives of the three several candidates before the party shall be appointed so far as practicable at each polling place by him. The post books of each precinct are to be signed by the officers and returned to the chairman of each county committee as soon as possible; not later than the second day thereafter, and it shall be the duty of such chairman to certify the result to the chairman of the district committee, which shall meet for the purpose of counting the votes at the court house in the town of Nicholasville, on the 10th day of September; and said committee shall declare the candidate receiving the highest number of votes in the said 8th Congressional district, to be the nominee of the democratic party for Congress.

BEN BUTLER is even more unprincipled than even his worst enemies supposed. He went as a delegate to the democratic national committee, where he was courteously received and treated with consideration and endeavored to take a big hand in it, going so far as to try and dictate the platform. He failed to do so, however, by a vote of seven to one against him, and like an honorable man should have abided the result, for it is supposed that a man who goes into a convention thereby pledges himself to the nominee—at any rate he is honor bound not to oppose him. But the cockeyed abstraction of spoons is not that kind of an individual. He not only opposes the nominee, but accepts the nomination himself against him, and in a 11,000 word letter tells the people what great things he will do if they will make him president. Unless some of our readers may forget what alleged parties he proposes to represent, we will say that the greenbackers and anti-monopolists are the unfortunate ones.

The dirty Cincinnati Commercial Gazette says: "When scandalous charges against Blaine and his family were published in a newspaper, he instantly denounced them as false and commenced a suit for libel against his defamers. In the meantime Grover Cleveland fled to the Adirondack mountains, where he maintains an ominous silence and Maria Halpin has disappeared from public view." The latter proposition is a lie. Gov. Cleveland has acknowledged his sin and all he asks is that the truth be told. Blaine is fully as guilty, yet he poses as a brave knight, "ready if needs be to protect his family with his life." The one is an honest man; the other a consummate actor and we guarantee that his suit is never pushed to a trial.

COL. BENNETT H. YOUNG, president of the Louisville Exposition Company, has extended an invitation to President J. Stoddard Johnston to have the Kentucky Press Association attend the Exposition in a body, promising free transportation and a programme of unusual interest. Col. Johnston, in behalf of the Association, has accepted the invitation and named August 28 as the day upon which it will attend. Every editor should make it a point to be present. The management has shown its appreciation of the value of newspapers in aiding the enterprise and we ought to reciprocate handsomely.

ISAAC R. FURNELL, of Richmond, Ind., in his thirteenth year, has like a son-of-a-gun. He says that he distinctly remembers witnessing the marriage of Jas. G. Blaine to Miss Stanwood in the parlor of the seminary at Millersburg, Ky. Mr. Blaine would like, no doubt, to claim the same thing, but record is against him. He and the young lady were not married till some time after leaving that place and in a few weeks the bride was a mother of an interesting boy.

JUDGE W. H. HOLZ's majority is 625 and he has received his certificate of election. He is said to be much better qualified than Riddell for the position, though we do not know that that is saying much for him. His presence on the bench will be salutary, however, and we have better hopes of it in the future.

The Somerset Reporter has just commenced the tenth year of its existence. We hope it may not seem egotistic in us to say that it is a mighty good paper. Its best editorials are written in this office and the fact that they are printed in its second-hand does not detract from their merit, if the failure to credit does.

A DOCTOR of Glen Falls, N. Y., has discovered that the venom of the rattlesnake is a specific for the cure of lockjaw, having used and proven it in his profession. As the remedy is about as deadly as the disease his patients will probably as soon die of the fever as the ague.

A YOUNG lover went to his sweetheart's house in Cincinnati and when she refused to open unto him, he drew his pistol and blew out his alleged brains.

SPECIMENS of the wonderful oratory of Black Jack Logan is given on our fourth page. Read it and see if you can tell what he is trying to say.

Knowing that our patrons will wish to read the admirable letters of Cleveland and Hendricks in their entirety, we give them in this issue. Cleveland's, of course, will be read with greater interest since his public utterances have not been so many as that of his distinguished partner. Besides its brevity, which will commend it to everybody in these times of hurry and haste, Gov. Cleveland's letter is a model State paper. It is manly and straightforward with no effort at evasion or concealment. He has carefully read and studied the democratic platform, which he thoroughly approves and which is so plain a statement of faith that it needs no supplement or explanation. A constitutional amendment making the President ineligible for a second term is advocated and for admirable reasons. The democratic party is essentially the party of the people and there is no government by them so long as the republicans hold the reins. He is sound on the civil service question and his remarks as to the protection of labor will be read with deep interest.

THE alleged working men who are made up principally of small politicians and men who want work even when they have a chance, are making a great ado, because the penitentiary commissioners have hired out 300 convicts to be worked in the mines at Central City. The crowded condition of the penitentiary and the lack of railroad work, forced the late Legislature to do something until the branch penitentiary is built, and it very wisely, we think, provided that criminals should be allowed to work in coal mines. It was either that, keep them on dead expense, or turn them loose to prey again on the public, and the law was passed. The Governor, who is censured in the matter, is not at all to blame as he is only executing the law he has sworn to execute. The blame if any attaches, is upon the Legislature and the alleged working men should direct their efforts at it.

Butler says: "You will have one advantage in your candidate, you will have to spend no time in defending him. His doings have been known to the country for more than a quarter of a century. Every act of his life has been under a microscope lighted by the lurid fires of hate and slander. He is yet unharmed, and has no opinion to take back, no policy to recant, and no just charge to explain for what he has done either in peace or war." You'd better not be so confident old fellow. There are hundreds of things abominably mean that can be said of you, and we expect to hear before the canvass is over that you have been guilty of rape, seduction, woman-beating and wife-murder. This is a campaign of filth.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Thousands of cattle in Mexico are dying of thirst.
—New York democrats say that 40,000 republicans in that State will vote Cleveland.
—The present continuing drought is proving disastrous to crops in Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky.
—Ireland was renominated for Governor and Gibbs for Lieut.-Governor by the Texas democrats.
—A colored man of Madison, Ind., who married a white girl, has been sent to the penitentiary for miscegenation.
—Jesse O'Hart, town marshal of Franklin, was fatally shot Tuesday by Henry Taylor, a drunken young ruffian.
—Hon. Frank H. Hurd was nominated for re-election to Congress by the democrats of the 10th district of Ohio.
—The body of Private Whistler, of the Greely Expedition, was exhumed at Delphi, Ind., and evidences of cannibalism found.
—Two men, Paul Haynes and Fred Hostler, slipped and fell into tanks of boiling vitriol at Pittsburgh, Pa., and were fatally burned.
—Hugh J. Jewett has resigned the Presidency of the New York, Lake Erie and Western railroad. The office will be tendered John King, Jr., who will probably accept it.
—Col. Daniel Lamont, Gov. Cleveland's Private Secretary, thinks his chief's majority in New York will nearly reach 100,000. The governor will return from his vacation some time next week.
—The Governor has pardoned James Cunningham, who was sent to the penitentiary for murder in Hickman county, for saving the lives of the guards at the imminent risk of his own, during the recent outbreak.
—A disease which marked symptoms of cholera has appeared at Central, Van Buren county, Iowa. Local physicians pronounce it grey flux. Thirty-two cases are reported, one fourth of which were fatal.
—A powder magazine and five government offices at Kasan, Russia, were blown up by dynamite on the 14th inst., and 100 persons killed. The authorities had previously received an anonymous warning but had disregarded it.
—Mack Pythian and Victor McManama, members of the Nuckolls Guards, quarreled at Frankfort Tuesday. Pythian was slapped in the face. He went home, and procured a gun, returned and fired at McManama, but missed him.
—The republican convention at Franklin Wednesday nominated Col. Jacob Golladay, of Russellville, as their candidate for Congress in the Third District. It is said that Judge Hassell, the democratic nominee, will have no trouble in beating the cranky Colonel.

—Tom Griffin, a bad man of Cherokee Nation, saddled his horse, packed his grip over to Eufaula, Ark., to settle accounts with some old enemies before leaving the country for diverse murders. One enemy filled him full of rifle balls and claims the reward of \$1,000 for his corpse.

SWITZERLAND AS SEEN BY GEO. O. BARNES

(Continued from last issue.)

2 LES MOUSQUINES LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND, July 10th, 1884.

We reached Geneva at noon, but only stopped for lunch and then right on to Lausanne. Geneva would have been Jerusalem to me once. Its harsh theology shaped my life for a never to be forgotten period. But now I did not care to tarry in a town that bred John Calvin and refuses to allow the Salvation Army to save souls. To me, now, Calvinism is so dishonoring to God and so opposed to the full-hearted love of the dear Cross of Him, who "by the grace of God tasted death for every man," that I can only pray to forget the man who crystallized the hideous doctrine that teaches the contrary.

The French frontier reaches within ten miles of Geneva, where the Helvetic Confederacy asserts itself. The "tri-color" gives place to the white cross on a blood-red ground. The cross is one with arms of uniform length, and appears on almost everything and everywhere. A wrestle with porters, a struggle with a cabman to extract his terms and we were whisked off from the station with our portmanteaus; climbing along the steep hillside, and a drive of four miles brought us to the house of good Monsieur Dufour, at whose kind invitation I had undertaken this Swiss trip. He lives on the outskirts of Lausanne, in a pleasant house—the middle one of three in the same block—overlooking Lake Lemman (or Geneva, as it is generally called with us, tho' strictly the latter name is only applied to the lower end, where that city lies), and commanding a fine view of the lower Alpine ranges. Only "lower," compared with the lofty, snow-capped range of Mont Blanc and his fellows; but in themselves, huge, towering, tremendous mountains. Shown to our rooms, refreshed with much-needed ablutions, and then down to the drawing-room to make a better acquaintance with our friends.

For that they were before we came; and we were "intimate" friends before we parted that night. Mons. Dufour is about my age, though he looks a good deal older and his hair and beard are grayer. Still well preserved, which is about the best one can say for any of us old fellows who are on the shady side (bright side, I call it) of 50. His wife is in heaven and one grown daughter, recently (only a few weeks since) gone to join her mother. The three remaining girls are Helene, Clara and Henrietta, who are all single and all live with their father. A lovelier little family circle it would be hard to find. Love is on the throne and rules with gentlest sway her willing, happy subjects.

Mons. Dufour, after we were rested, took us out into the city for a little stroll and to introduce us to a friend, whom he wished us to know. The city is very pretty, containing a varying population of 25,000 to 30,000, with clean streets, bright shops and lovely private mansions. One very old church is notable as the place where the council of Constance finished its sittings, after burning John Huss in the LORDES name. So Calvin burned Servetus. There is not much choice, is there, when we come to sift things, and twiddle-dum and twiddle-dee expresses the difference between Catholic and Protestant, when either has a good chance to oppress the other. The good Puritans fleeing for their lives from the religious oppressor, in turn, will make good Roger Williams due as fast for believing that immersion was the scriptural form of baptism. And so it goes, down to this last little personal phase of the hateful thing we call religious intolerance and bigotry in the charge of Manichaeism, that constitutes one reason why I am writing a letter to the INTERIOR from Switzerland instead of being quietly at my work in London, as I should like to be.

"Orthodoxy is my doxy; Herodoxy is somebody else's doxy." We are all familiar with the pithy saying. About like this is the late Lord Derby's definition of agreeable people—viz. "people who agree with me." On, for the time to come when we shall all be agreeable people!

Mons. Dufour's friend was no invalid, who does not see "healing by faith," but his wife did, for she came round to Mons. Dufour's before we retired for the night and I associated her in the name of the LORD, with prayer.

Gibbon wrote a good part of his famous History of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," at Lausanne and the Hotel Gibbon still marks the spot where his house stood. Our good friends all understand a little English. This settled the question with me. The moment I knew this I dismissed French from my mind and concluded to enjoy myself. Their English is very funny, but perfectly intelligible and they are so good as to sacrifice themselves cheerfully for their guests. Vernon makes a feeble struggle to keep up *lingua Franca*, but it is so much easier to understand broken English than to speak broken French, that I think even his steadfast will show signs of yielding.

A glorious storm broke over the lake before we went to bed, as if gotten up expressly to show us how grand a thunder cloud could look, sweeping across mountains and over a deep lake. The scene was of magnificent indescribable.

Then we went to bed and tired nature sank back on a welcome couch, with snowy linen sheets and coverlet of down to lead to the comforts of repose. I don't know when I have had more genuine, loving gratitude to the dear Father than when I laid my weary frame on a pleasant bed the first night in Switzerland. Praise the LORD! Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES

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